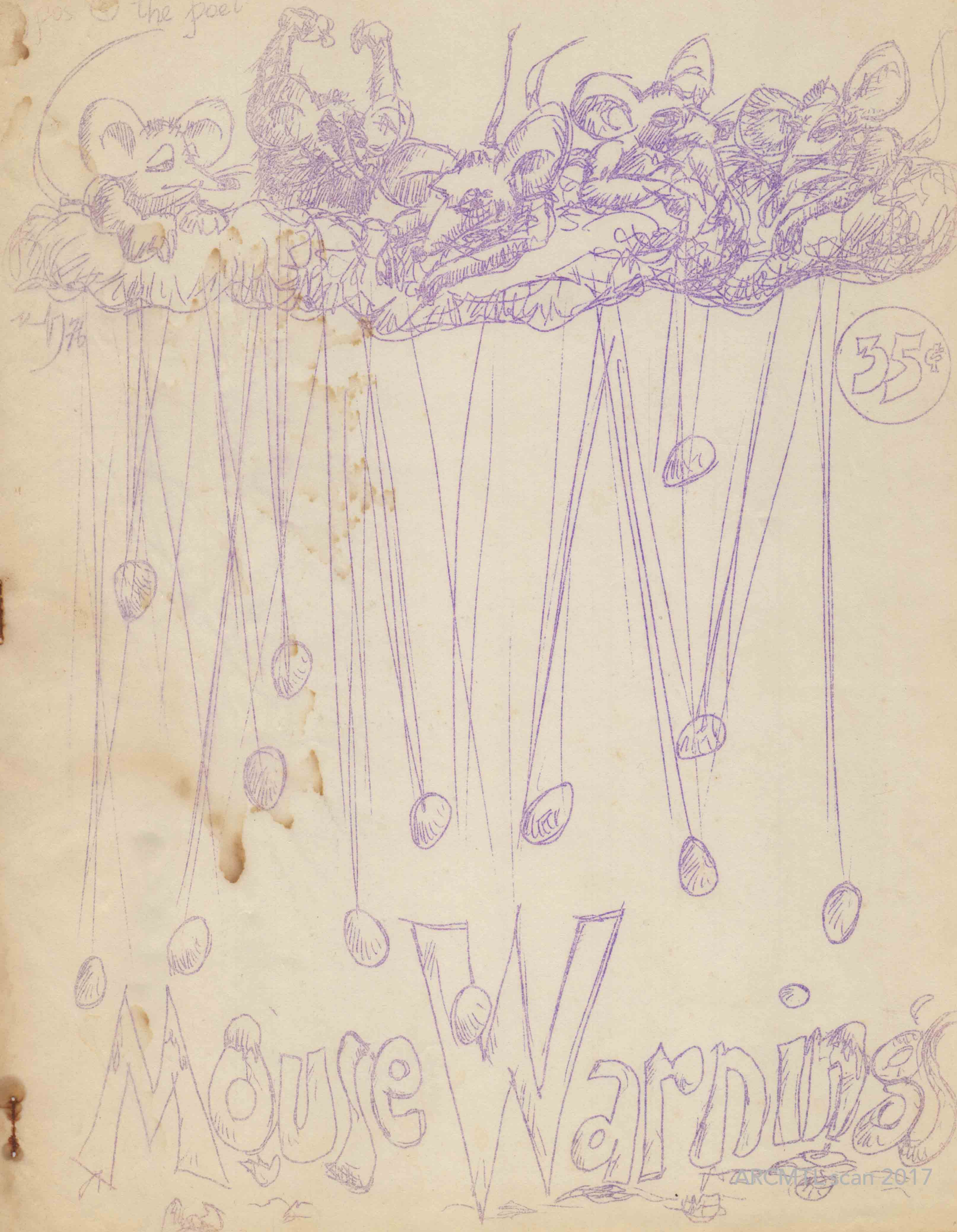
pos ☺ the poet



ARCMTuscan 2017

THE FIRST ANNUAL "MICKEY" AWARDS

1976

BEST BOOK OF POETRY: CANADIAN

A KNIGHT IN DRIED PLUMS M&S

DAVID MCFADDEN

BEST BOOK OF POETRY: AMERICAN

THE COLLECTED BOOKS OF JACK SPICER BLACK SPARROW PRESS

ED. ROBIN BLASER

BEST BOOK OF POETRY: MONTREAL

VEGETABLES VEHICULE PRESS

KEN NORRIS

BEST LITTLE MAGAZINE

MOUSE EGGS

ed. ???

...CONGRATULATIONS...CONGRATULATIONS...CONGRATULATIONS...CONGRATULATIONS...

ARCMTL scan 2017

In a way

I wish I could become like Emily Dickinson
listening at doors
in distant rooms
making her own rules

poetry is the only shatter-proof
vest in an estranged time
and Miss Dickinson knew that

Susan Blaylock

****

halleluia, orchards are like that
sanctuaries dripping honey
where women roam
like insane medieval Danish nuns
looking for giants to bandage

halleluia, at least I am up on
Theodora's black horse
looking down at the grass
waiting for the men searching
for windfalls to pass

Susan Blaylock

ARCMTL scan 2017

guy birchard

Heart Felt

In the moments alone
there is this character
with no motor talents
who has a listening art.

He doesn't speak in tongues.
raised in so many different neighbourhoods,
he got lost in every one;
it added to the babble but added up
to less/ than one.

In the neighbourhood at this moment
there is this character, alone,
doing nothing.

Listen.

ARCMTL scan 2017

HELEN KOSACKY

POEM FOR THE NEW YEAR

"This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper."
-T.S. Eliot

I
the lights are sharp & broad,
squat like tired white dwarves
among brown masonite walls
that almost look
as though my father chopped
the wood for them himself--
but the light gleaming on them wears
that pale civilized sneer

II
outside against
the vertical trees
snow plummets like from
the snow-making
machines at mt sutton

but every so often the wind
wipes theslate clean
& a song shakes
out all the dishes
before letting them sink
back to their dusty shelves

it is almost new year's--
i'll wear the same clothes
& burn the same candles

III
my parents set up a christmas tree
with a few colourless glass trinkets
a sugary house or 2
& at the top a home-made golden comet
on blue construction paper

then they went to sleep

ARCMTL scan 2017

stephen morrissey

CLOUDS FROM CALGARY TO TORONTO

(for Patricia Walsh)

1)

flying over the clouds
each cloud reminds me of you
& with each cloud
there is the thought of you

2)

these are the waves of the sky
clouds you could have drawn

for each foot from here to the earth
there is a thought of you

I have 33,000 thoughts of you
& each foot delivers up 12 more thoughts of you

to my right the sun disappears
we enter a darkness in returning home

in this plane there are only angels
who are prepared to enter the darkness

where are the new people for whom
there is light even in darkness

the clouds are simply the white hair
of old age & the child disappears

into a blue sky which is a robin's egg
& from which he eventually escapes

& the sky is a dark angel
or 4 horsemen coming at us with swords

3)

& now the clouds are an angry white blanket
& now the clouds laugh in the face of the sun

let all the seasons begin their journey

dont disturb the process of change

ARCMTL scan 2017

stephen morrissey

WAVES (for Pat McCarty)

between waves
there is a moment of silence

a wave that stretches a hundred feet
along the shore & which suddenly collapses

the lip of the wave turning over
until the whole wave is a white cap
& then noise & finally

a bit of white foam at your feet

on the pier in ventura
were dehydrated starfish

their legs hanging lifeless
where they were placed

china is not far away
& behind us is the east & to the right

the north stretches along the coast
a two thousand mile long series of waves

being alive is to ride the waves
and not get washt up on a deserted beach

or sacrifice one's life to the meaningless
efforts of swimming against the current

we dont want tidal waves crashing against our backs

being alive is to ride the waves
with one ear between crest & trough

& the other to the imperceptible
discussion of fish & shells & rock

ARCMTL scan 2017

Patricia Walsh

Hello from California

I'm sitting here
re-reading the postcard
you sent me from Ojai, California
for the third time
trying to decipher
among other things
what you're going to decide
about us getting married
I think it's almost cruel
that the one's who stay behind
have only "Hello from California"
and a few lines scrawled on the back
to maintain a dialogue
about a relationship
I don't know what
would be a better way to do this
maybe I could go away too
so there'd be no-one
to sit at home alone
re-reading coloured postcards

Skater

I feel like a person just

learning to skate

not leaning on the two friends

one on either side

holding up breath frosting

eyes noses run with cold

sharp sun silver ice

just touching lightly with fingertips

arms spread wide

trying it out

ARCMTL scan 2017

Artist

He stood –
    an artist
    concerned –
the image
being artistic.

Tattered tweed
    talks
        wittily
about his tortured life
and shagged
    hair flies
from his emaciated skull.

Wearily,
he leans
the left hand
on a table
too low
for a comfortable
    slouch,

but the posture
creates an image.

G.C. Ian Burgess

Savage

I dreamed
of a naked man,
    hunched,
        labouring
        over a twig pile;

and I admired
    his genius –
        the creation of fire
        from dead wood.

G.C. Ian Burgess

Bare Pages

Bare pages
        are
as comfortable as
    pebbles
    in my shoes.

G.C. Ian Burgess

Ideas

Ideas
    stand tiptoe –
noses wide
against windows,
    but words
        won't form
until
    I cross the thresh
            hold
and step
        between the uni
                verses.

G.C. Ian Burgess

Dream

I captured
    the sun
    and wrapped
myself
        in warmth.

Swaddled,
    I slept
    until a bulldozer
ripped
    through my dream.

Somewhere,
    in a deisel fog,
a primitive thump
echoed
an old superstition:

    "See the white men
    steal the sun
    and our Mother's
    milk
        dries up."

G.C. Ian Burgess

Fences
        are created
by men
        who lack
            imagination
and dislike
            horizons.

G.C. Ian Burgess

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STORY

The first night
met twelve Mornings
The second day
if I remember correctly
did not end at all
The last year
we met in blood
our arms aching

Marquita Crevier
May 76

NOTE

For Mattie
Falworth
and her students

thank you

It was a joyous afternoon
watching

love

reciprocated

Marquita Crevier
May 76

ARCMTL scan 2017

T. Konyves

Gaschamber Suite

5: He sealed height(HEIGHT)
and He turned upward (UPWARD)
and sealed it with YHV.

Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!

6: He sealed abyss (ABYSS)
and He turned downward (DOWNWARD)
and sealed it with YVH.

Damit du mögest sehen, an dich hab ich gedacht.

7: He sealed east (EAST)
and He turned forward (F[illegible]RWARD)
and sealed it with HYV.

Wo find ich eine Blüte?

8: He sealed west (WEST)
and He turned backward and sealed it with HVY.

Im Dunkeln wird mir Wohler sein.

9: He sealed south (SOUTH)
and He turned right (RIGHT?)
and sealed it with VYH.

Und mit starren Fingern dreht er, was er kann.

TEN: He sealed north (N[illegible]RTH)
and He turned left
(LEFT)
and sealed it with VHY.

ARCMTL scan 2017

T. Konyves

THE FORCES OF ANTIFNERGY RED WHITE AND BLU

o o o

horse-radish

o o o

o o o o o o o

ARCMTL scan 2017

2 place songs

swinging slow in mayan hammock
river running into sea
tents and people on the beach
clouds and birds are singing pink

=x=x=

hanging clothes on city porch
cleansing wind runs thru my hair
may bird sings from faroff tree
after rain he plaints to me

swinging slow in mayan hammock
river running into sea
tents & people on the beach
clouds & birds are singing pink

hanging clothes on city porch
cleansing wind runs thru my hair
may bird sings from faroff tree
after rain he plaints to me

claudia lapp
may 76

ARCMTL scan 2017

Who,
cape across his face
at midnight, veils his generosity?

wake me when we're dead he said
and I told him about this man
(his yoga-toga
diaper-tucked)
...was running down some n.y. street
(

It's too late for phone calls/something's
supposed to happen

lying down
the pain is impossible to bear;
from spine to temple
it makes the number seven

I sit up in bed/
sit in a chair
into waves into waves in
through my eyes
my delicate balance
decays/
/
too weak to be beautiful
I bite a curse/grind it between my teeth.
Water pours from the corners of my eyes

I sit in the darkness/
place pails in front of my face/devise
games to con the pain/to calm
the waves/the waves/my eyes

)
...was obviously
very late for enlightenment
but not once did he trip over the garbage in his way

The Dead are Awake! The Dead are Awake!
like some chant, first light smashes the pane & retina.
The continuous tinkling of a million particles
echo
until
the world is (at a constant high pitch)
let loose in my head

there is he said
from behind his generosity,
a necessity beyond reason
that keeps us rich in pain

andre farkas

ARCMTL scan 2017

KEN NORRIS

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

When his semen flows out into her
I am, somehow, the choreographer
Of their love dance. In my place
He plants no growing seed, yet
Seminates love. She is blonde.
We see each other pass &, in that
Instant, she smiles, spraying me
With enough love juice to keep me
Coming for hours. All drones work
For the Queen, & then there is the
One that represents us all. In this
Life I am not the one. He plows
& ruts her as if she were a field,
Until all stones have been turned
Up out of her earth & she is only smoothness.
I use him as my tool; she comes time &
Time again, there is no getting tired
Of this, he comes; I come, walk in
Again at 11 a.m., she is late, still
In that passion soaked bed, coming
For the last time that morning. She
Could never keep her legs crossed. But
There is literature to be disseminated,
& we all must leave the Muse's bed
Sooner or later to take up our table
In the markotplace. She comes back,
Handles the money, where does it go?
Between her legs is the place
I would love to go pearl-diving, &
If I died, grabbing that last oyster,
How would she, ultimately, feel about my tongue?

Tonight they will encounter again, I will
Encounter her again, rolling over in the
Miles between two beds. Humping as if to
Finally extinguish that blaze, they will
Fan the flames, & I, with the sweet
Deftness of an arsonist, with pliers will
Disconnect the device that would enable
Anyone, in wild panic, to ring out
The alarm of fire.

ARCMTL scan 2017

ROBERT GALVIN

STE. CATHERINE STREET MYTH

A hand reaches out from nowhere
and I swing away

A voice whispers...Tantalus...

A red face looms up, recedes
and the dimes and quarters
in my pocket
turn to sodden pears.

ARCMTL scan 2017

Artie Gold

If you are to go from my poems
or retire after the wealth our evenings reveal
- deposit any coin how small in th piggybank
of our mutual hallucinatory blend
then I'll have noticed each whisker
the evening bequeathed the morning
you'll have shrugged finally accepting
my baldness as if it were your condition
and are prepared to tell of me
to others you meet (whenever I am occasioned
to be landed like a struggling fish
upon the palate of your attentions,
my holidays , and corny botherings
that pull me forward (every much dutifully
as I pull them after me) as I go on.

ARCMTL scan 2017

PERSONAL ADS

AC-DC couple would like to meet mature BC couple, preferably from Peking vicinity.

Dear John: I am not a prostitute for nothing.

Poet feeling painfully isolated would like to meet more of same from Montreal area.

Dear Bright One: Wife of Menelaus, mother of Constantine, and daughter of Old King Cole, we, your dearly beloved, now faithfully departed, will never forget your affections.

Gadus Morrhus from North Atlantic region would like to meet absent minded member of the opposite female sex. Must be flashy swimmer with interests in spawning.

Young gent from Galilee with many talents and promising future would like to meet credible virgin from Nazareth area.

Non-practicing heterosexuals of the world UNITE!

MS victim would like to meet discreet SM male with interest in bondage. Must be sensitive, quiet, and articulate.

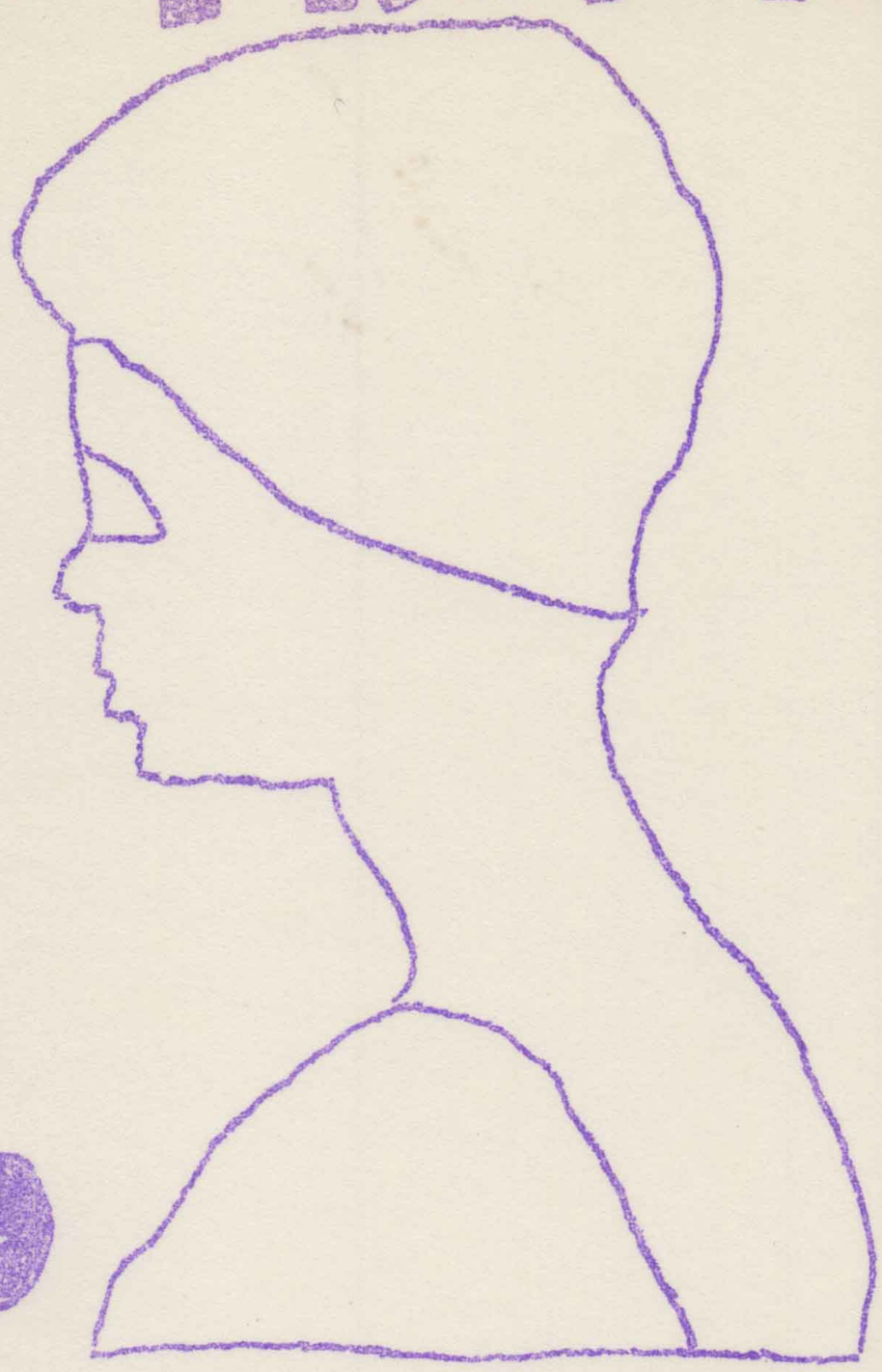
To faithfully Departed: Please come home, we forgive your absence and miss you terribly.

Attractive widow, early 80's, would like to meet mature educated gentleman with interest in necrophilia. Hurry. No kooks, please.

NOTICE--K. Diaz has been returned at last.

ARCMTL scan 2017

OLYMPUS PROFILES



ERATO

HOME: Helicon, Greece

AGE: Eternal

PROFESSION: Muse of Love Poetry

HOBBIES: Dancing, Music, Gardening.

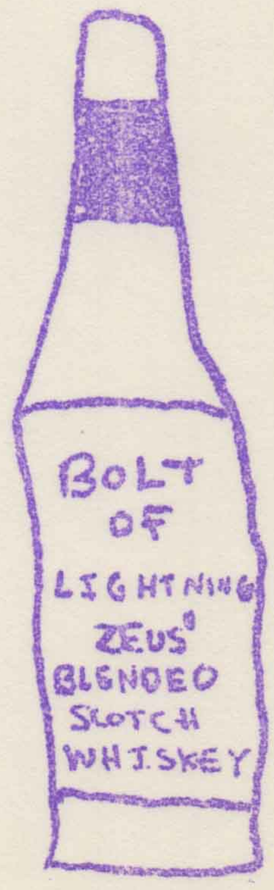
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Love Machine" by Jacqueline Susanne.

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Inspired an, as yet, unknown poet to write the greatest English language love poems.

QUOTE: "I know how to speak false things that seem true, but I know, when I will, to utter true things."

PROFILE: Determined to use her experience as one of the world's top Muses to turn out a stable of competent poets in Montreal.

SCOTCH: Zeus' "Bolt of Lightning"



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